



A Railroad Boy's Appeal.



In sadness now do I look back,
Upon those by-gone days,
When I was happy all day long,
In boyish sports and ways.
But now I'm forced to make my way,
A cripple, as you see;
Those boyish sports and good old times
Will come no more to me.

I little thought as time flew by,
Misfortunes thick and fast
Would see me fall and make me go
A cripple to the last.
Such is my lot, wealth can't atone
For the loss of my arm to me;
Caught and crushed, the deed was done,
A railroad boy no more I'll be.

And now my thoughts often return
To my boyhood's happy home,
And to the old familiar haunts
In which I loved to roam.

I often wished I might return
To my old home once more;
My friends are gone—I'll try to live
To meet them on yon shore.

And now, dear friends, I'm as you see
Poor, helpless and alone;
No other way to buy a limb—
Will you please buy my song?
And may God bless you all,
This is my heart-felt-prayer;
And by-and-by may we all meet
In realms just over there.

C. E. H.

PRICE:—Whatever you wish to give.

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